



THE FARMER'S TALK TO FARMERS

FARMING FOR LOSS AND FARMING FOR PROFIT

"What are we living on the farm for?" blurted Mrs. Edith M. Kennedy of Monmouth, in a recent issue of The Connecticut Farmer.

I wonder if that question hits any other farmers in Eastern Connecticut as squarely on the solar plexus as it hit John Farmer up here on Podunk Heights?

What—are—we—living—on—the—farm—for?

I know one so-called farmer who is apparently—living—to feed potato-bugs and cut-worms and stinking pumpkin-bugs. That is, he every year plants some potatoes and some corn, and some cabbages and some squashes, which he usually allows the aforesaid bugs and things to eat up, because he had rather talk politics or go fishing than attend to them when they need attention. The bugs and worms get some fodder from his crops; he seldom gets anything except the chance to grumble that "there ain't no money in farmin' no more." It surely looks as if he were living on the farm to feed the bugs.

I know another so-called farmer who is—living—on the farm to demonstrate to others what he seems firmly to believe himself, that he knows more than all the rest of the universe including God, Nature and his neighbors. The farm was his father's and before that his grandfather's. He is working it the same way his grandfather did, a hundred years ago, having a very few modern tools. He has to use a steel plow, because he can't buy one or the old wooden ones, and his grandfather is too dead to tell him how to make one and, of course, he has some other tools that the third generation hadn't seen. But in his methods and his aims he adheres as closely as he can to the methods and aims of a hundred years ago. He still "blows out" his corn and potatoes. He won't have a spoonful of commercial fertilizer on the place. He uses nothing but stable manure for his potatoes. When his grand-dad, on virgin soil, newly reclaimed from a few million years of forestation, used to dig an average of a bushel from every thirteen hills, he gets less than a peck, and those so scabby and grubby that he can't sell 'em and even the cows sniff twice when they find the things in the mangers. The world has moved on to newer knowledge and wiser management in the last century, but he will have none of it. I sometimes think if he had his way, he would raise all the experiment stations in the land and burn all their teachers at the stake as dangerous heretics.

I know a lot of farmers, a whole lot of them, who are—apparently—living—on the farm to support the grocer and the butcher and the feed-dealer. They are working their legs off to raise things to sell for what they can get. Then they use the money to buy things to live on for what the other fellow sees fit to charge.

They have to sell what they raise for less than it is really worth because the various middlemen have got to get their share per cent. take-off before the produce finally reaches the consumer. They have to pay more than it is worth for all they buy, because some potatoes are some corn, and some cabbages and some squashes, which he usually allows the aforesaid bugs and things to eat up, because he had rather talk politics or go fishing than attend to them when they need attention. The bugs and worms get some fodder from his crops; he seldom gets anything except the chance to grumble that "there ain't no money in farmin' no more." It surely looks as if he were living on the farm to feed the bugs.

Mrs. Kennedy was indignant when, in a state which could raise a hundred and thirty-five bushels of corn to the acre, she had to pay a dealer \$1.70 for a bag of corn to feed her hens—when, in a state which might raise first-class beef and veal and mutton and pork, she was compelled to pay the butcher twenty-two cents a pound for round steak. She had round steak bought from the butcher cost me twenty-eight cents a pound, and was so tough that it gave the meat grinders a toothache trying to get it into shape for Hamburgs! That was the time I struck against the meat trust. "Can we not make the old farm furnish more of our food and more grain for our stock?" she asks.

She calls attention to the fact that fifty years ago farmers got their living from their farms; today "they sell one or two products from the farm at any price they can get, and buy everything else at someone else's price." Again: "The farmer's family of fifty years ago lived on the vegetables and meats raised on the farm; today the farmer's family is dependent on the grain dealer, the butcher, the grocer, etc., because of hard and constant practice the members of the family have acquired an appetite for foods almost unknown fifty years ago." Mrs. Kennedy doesn't want to go back to all the customs of half a century back, but she very pertinently asks, if it isn't possible to revive some of them, in connection with modern methods, to the advantage of the farmer.

Here is her plan for helping to solve the problem:—a plan drawn from housewife's experience and from the housekeeper's point of view: "By returning to the food of our fathers, simple home-grown bread-stuffs, rye bread, rye biscuits, good old fashioned buckwheat cake raised with yeast, Johnny-cake with real butter and cheese, old-fashioned cured meats that were raised on the farm. At least, we shall know what we are eating, and we shall be able to fill from our fields and not by the grain dealers."

It does me good to read this kind of talk. I am especially pleased to hear it from the in-doors branch of the

farm family. When that side of the menage definitely decides to return to economical farm living on the fruits of the farm, why then we shall return thither, by a large majority and with great celerity!

So far as the high cost of living is concerned it ought not, and need not bother the real farm family. Because the real farm family can, if it unflinchingly chooses to live adequately, live wholesomely, live satisfactorily on the products of the farm, with only a very few purchased importations. Almost any farm can produce all the meat all the kitchen and in the barn feed bins. Almost any farmer can produce all the vegetables that are essential to healthful living, the year round. Almost any farm can produce all the fruit which a family would find it desirable to use, either fresh, preserved, or canned.

BUT—and I beg the compositor to put that in capitals and the reader to read it out loud and then he reads it:—BUT no farm can supply the table with fresh porthouse steak every day. If the family can't eat pot-roast and stew and corned beef part of the time, if they must have only fancy cuts and those about every day, why, then they've got to buy off the butcher and pay him enough to give him a good profit and make all the rest of the "acres" he has to waste, too.

BUT—few farms in Connecticut can produce the bleached de-vitalized, insubstantial and pitiless flour-dust which is used to make the "snowy-white" bread and biscuit many cooks insist upon. If the family won't and can't eat bread with the natural yellow color and brownish tints of honest flour, why, then they must continue to buy of someone else the poor stuff which the cities are compelled to use, because they can't grow their own grain.

BUT—no farm in Connecticut can supply the table with cucumbers and lettuce in January, or new onions in March, or green peas in December, or sweet potatoes in April. If the family must have all vegetables out of season, why, then it must buy them and pay a lot of transportation charges and of handlers' profits to get them from distant tropical lands.

BUT—no farm in Connecticut is likely to produce oranges and bananas and grapefruit and pineapples and dates and figs. If the farmer's family must have these—can't get along with mere apples and pears and peaches and plums and cherries and gooseberries and strawberries and raspberries and blackberries and quinces and grapes and cherries—why, they must buy oranges and pineapples and dates and figs, knowing when they do so that, of every dollar they spend, only twenty cents goes for oranges. The other eighty is taken up to pay the retailers and the jobbers and the wholesalers and the railroads and the refrigerating plants and the various other chaps who pass the Los Angeles twenty cents worth of oranges to you,—and charge you eighty cents for doing it.

The real trouble lies in the unworthy desire of too many country people to ape city customs and methods. The city has its opportunities and its limitations, both of which the country has not. Likewise, the country has its limitations and its opportunities, neither of which the city possesses. City people show a big lack of sense when they throw overboard their differing opportunities and try to live on their limitations, because, forsooth, they must imitate the cities. The city man, before a fruit stand, hesitates between an apple and a banana. He finally takes the banana, because it costs less. Why should he? He can't raise either. He must buy whichever he eats. But the farmer can raise apples by the barrel. He not infrequently has so many that he uses them to feed his hogs and his chickens and his cows. Undoubtedly he has the right to buy bananas at twenty-five cents a dozen and sell his apples to the city mill for twenty-five cents a barrel, if he wants to.

But he hasn't any right to yawn about the high cost of living after such a specimen of farm mismanagement. If we farmers, men, women and young folks, are only willing to return to the natural manner of living afforded by our environment and made possible by our opportunities, the only effect high prices would have on us would be to bring us in more money for the surplus we sell. And we shouldn't have to live on baked beans and salt pork three times a day, either!

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our farms, but in ourselves. If we won't be satisfied with what they give us, but must reject them because, in order to call for four from Minneapolis and oranges from California and onions from Bermuda and grapefruit from Florida and figs from Smyrna and beef from Nebraska and pork from Missouri and lamb from Montana and new potatoes and cabbages in March from Texas.

Tolland County GURLEYVILLE
M. E. Church Debt Removed by Liberality of Subscribers—Personal and Briefs.
Mr. and Mrs. Olla Conant have been entertaining Mrs. Conant's sister, Mrs. Lydia Spicer, and Mrs. Buell from New Haven.
Mr. Guy Cummings and family from Ware, Mass., are the guests of Mrs. Cummings' parents, Rev. and Mrs. Tunncliffe at the parsonage.
Guy Cummings, 32 and Alfreda and Robert Walker were married Sunday morning at the preaching service by Rev. E. R. Tunncliffe.
Mrs. Dwight Beebe and son Leslie have returned to their home in Georgetown after a visit with Mrs. Beebe's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Dimock.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dodge entertained Mrs. Dodge's nephew, Herbert Simonds and Miss Marden from Williamantic recently.
Mrs. Arvilla Dunham is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Grant at Mount Hope.
H. E. Simonds is the guest of relatives in Williamantic this week.
The M. E. Church, which has been considerably in debt for the past six months, has been cleared, having been raised by subscriptions, and the church wishes to thank those who so liberally contributed towards it and especially the summer collection on Wormwood Hill and Knowlton Hill.

ANDOVER
Oregonian Here After 21 Years' Absence—Ladies' Benevolent Association is Prospering—Automobile Tour to Ohio.
Thomas Morrow of Hartford is enjoying a two weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wright.
Mrs. E. H. Norton of Manchester, formerly of this place, is the guest of Mrs. Webster.
Mrs. S. C. Smith of Waterloo, Ore., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Willard Smith, after an absence of over 21 years from this place where she was born.
Benevolent Association Annual. The annual meeting of the Ladies' Benevolent association of the Congre-

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rational church was held at the town hall Tuesday afternoon. The report showed a balance for the year of over \$40 over the expenditures, and a healthy condition of affairs.

All the officers were re-elected. A public supper, which was well attended, was held in the evening, and a social time followed.

Norwich Orchestra Played.
A concert was held Friday evening at the town hall by Eldridge's Orchestra of Norwich, followed by a dance.

Another Accidental Shooting.
The young son of Charles Twist, blacksmith of North Coventry, accidentally shot the son of Mr. and Mrs. Somers of the "Red House" on Tuesday. The wound, while serious, is not dangerous.

By Auto to Toledo.
Deacon and Mrs. Phelps, with their new auto, started for Toledo, Ohio, Thursday morning. Besides the chauffeur, C. Parker Stearns, they were accompanied by Deacon Winthrop White, who will go the entire distance with them, and Mrs. James, who goes as far as Westfield, Mass.

Mrs. Percy and Ruby Beebe are visiting in New Salem, Mass.

Open Air Service Planned.
At the Congregational church the pastor, Rev. John J. Lockett, will preach morning and evening. If the weather is fine, the evening service will be in the open air.

At the Baptist church the pastor, Rev. F. H. Cooper, will preach at 10.45 a. m. on "Paul Gathering Stricks."

STAFFORDVILLE

Notes of the Visitors—Missionary From Turkey Guest of Miss Jones.

Miss E. G. Rogers, a missionary of Van, Turkey, and Miss Clark of Worcester, Mass., were guests of Rev. Miss Jones last week.
Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Smith of Southington were the guests of their daughter, Mrs. W. D. Hamilton, last week. Mrs. Smith remained for an extended visit at the M. E. parsonage.
Miss Pearl and Earl Bowden who have been visiting their sister, Mrs. Parker in Madison a few weeks have returned home.
Mrs. Lizzie Shepard has returned home after an extended visit with relatives in Canada.

John Bowden and William Ryder have accepted employment in Pittsfield, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen S. West and two children of Springfield, Mass., are spending two weeks with their mother, Mrs. Lina Booth.

Dubrelle Wilson are guests of Mrs. E. E. Dunbar in Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. C. Dunbar and son Robert, of Springfield, have been the guests of Mrs. H. G. Dunbar.

Horatio West has accepted employment in Pittsfield, Mass., where he expects to move his family soon.

STAFFORD

Former Pastor Will Occupy Universalist Pulpit—Grange Holds a Lawn Party.

A. D. Cady has been confined to the house the past week by illness.
Miss Katherine Bennett, of Baltic is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. P. Shea.
Cecil Ogden from South Manchester is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. White.

Mrs. Jacob Glover has been on the sick list the past week, but is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Pinney are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Orcutt of Bridgeport.

Mrs. Nettie Kiffe and daughters Dorothy and Josephine are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Johnson.

Mrs. Della Eno of Somers has been visiting a few days with Mrs. Ellen Vennham.

Lawn Party Under Grange Auspices.
A lawn party under the auspices of the Stafford grange was held Thursday evening.

Miss Deborah of Springfield is the guest of Miss Annie Phillips, who is enjoying a two weeks vacation at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Phillips.

Mr. Hersey Will Preach.
Rev. Harry A. Hersey, a former pastor, will conduct the morning service and preach the sermon at the Universalist church next Sunday.

SPRING HILL

Rev. Frank Bean, who preached at the Baptist church last Sunday, will preach again at the same place next Sunday. While on his vacation he is visiting relatives in Mansfield Centre.

The Ladies' Aid society held an ice cream social at the church last Wednesday evening. There were about 50 present and a supper (including ice cream) was 20 cents.

Mrs. Clarissa Pike, an old resident of the hill, has been at the Gardner's the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Stalker of Brooklyn, N. Y., are visiting their son, Glen A., in his new home at the East Road corner.

Mr. W. B. Trobridge of Coventry is the guest of E. F. Storrs.

Dr. E. R. Storrs of Hartford spent part of the week with his brother, Judge L. J.

Mr. Will Johnson of New Rochelle, N. Y., was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Alfred Warren, last Sunday.

Mrs. C. A. Hawkins of Williamantic was at the home of her son, Byron E., last Monday.

Apples suitable for pies are ripe and quite plenty in this section; in fact this is a fine fruit country.

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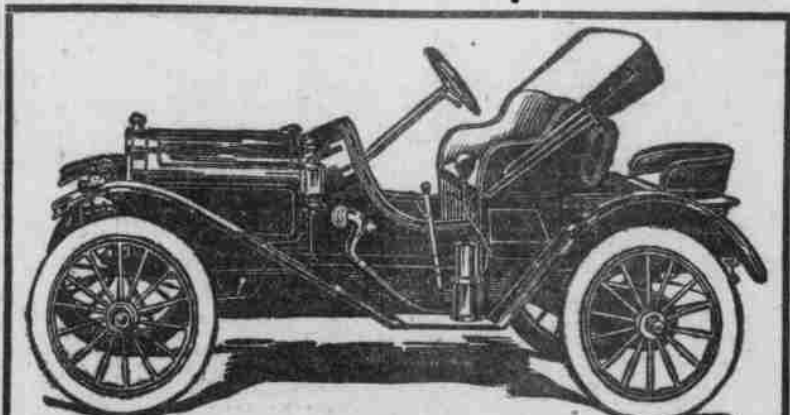
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